

Scena Septima.

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A Foolish Sutor to a Wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd: O, that Husband,
My supream Crowne of griefe, and those repeated
Vexations of it. Had I bin Theefe-holne,
As my two Brothers, happy: but most miserable
Is the desires that's glorious. Blessed be those
How meane so ere, that haue their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fye.

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pisa. Madam, a Noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam:
The Worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your Highnesse deere.

Imo. Thanks good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of doore, most rich:
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare
She is alone th' Arabian Bird; and I
Haue lost the wager. Boldnesse be my Friend:
Arme me Audacitie from head to foote,
Or like the Parthian I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest noie, to whose kindnesse I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trust.

So farre I reade aloud.
But euen the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by th' rest, and take it thankfully.
You are as welcome (worthy Sir) as I
Haue words to bid you, and shall finde it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks fairest Lady:
What are men mad? Hath Nature giuen them eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish twixt
The fire Orbes above, and the twinn'd Stones
Vpon the number'd Beach, and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so pretious
Twixt faire, and foule?

Imo. What makes your admiration?
Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye: for Apes, and Monkeys
Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemne with mowes the other. Nor i'th' iudgment:
For Idiots in this case of fauour, would
Be wisely definit: Nor i'th' Appetite.
Sluttary to such neare Excellence, oppos'd
Should make desire vomit emptinesse,
Nor so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter trow?

Iach. The Cloyed will:
That satiate yet vn-satisfi'd desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running: Raucening first the Lambe,
Longs after for the Garbage.

Imo. What, deere Sir,
Thus rap's you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks Madam well: Beseech you Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leaue him:
He's strange and peeuish.

Pisa. I was going Sir,
To giue him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord?
His health beseech you?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome: he is call'd
The Britaine Reueller.

Imo. When he was heere
He did incline to sadnesse, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I neuer saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seemes much loues
A Gallian-Girle at home. He furnaces
The thicke sighes from him; whiles the iolly Britaine,
(Your Lord I meane) laughs from his free lungs: cries oh,
Can my sides hold, to think that man who knows
By History, Report, or his owne prooffe
What woman is, yea what she cannot choofe
But must be: will's free houres languish:
For assur'd bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so?

Iach. I Madam, with his eyes in flood, with laughter,
It is a Recreation to be by
And heere him mocke the Frenchman:
But Heauen's know some men are much too blame.

Imo. Nor he I hope.

Iach. Nor he:
But yet Heauen's bounty towards him, might
Be vs'd more thankfully. In himselfe 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Talents.
Whil'ft I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pittie too.

Imo. What do you pittie Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one Sir?

You looke on me: what wrack discerne you in me
Deserues your pittie?

Iach. Lamentable: what
To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
I'th' Dungeon by a Shuffe.

Imo. I pray you Sir,
Deliuier with more opennesse your answers
To my demands. Why do you pittie me?

Iach. That others do,

(I was about to say) enjoy your — but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speake on't.

Imo. You do seeme to know
Something of me, or what concernes me; pray you
Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Then to be sure they do. For Certainties
Either are past remedies; or timely knowing,
The remedy then borne. Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips vpon: this hand, whose touch,
(Whose euery touch) would force the Feelers soule
To th' oath of loyalty. This obiekt, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fiering it onely heere, should I (damn'd then)

Slaves

Slauer with lippes as common as the flayres
That mount the Capitoll: Toyn grips, with hands
Made hard with hourly falshood (falshood as
With labour) then by peeping in an eye
Base and illustrious as the smoakie light
That's fed with stinking Tallow: it were fit
That all the plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such redolt.

Imo. My Lord, I heare
Has forgot Brittain.

Iach. And himselfe, not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The Beggery of his change: but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteest Conscience, to my tongue,
Charmes this report out.

Imo. Let me heare no more.
Iach. O deereft Soule: your Cause doth strike my hart
With pittie, that doth make me sicke. A Lady
So faire, and fasten'd to an Emperie
Would make the great King double, to be partner'd
With Tomboyes hvy'd, with that selfe exhibition
Which your owne Coffers yeeld: with diseas'd ventures
That play with all Infimities for Gold,
Which rottennesse can lend Nature. Such boyld Ruffe
As well might payson Poyson. Be reueng'd,
Or she that bore you, was no Quene, and you
Recoyle from your great Stocke.

Imo. Reueng'd?
How should I be reueng'd? If this be true,
(As I haue such a Heart, that both mine eares
Must not in haste abuse) if it be true,
How should I be reueng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Liue like Diana's Priest, betwixt cold sheets,
While he is vaulting variable Ranges
In your desight, vpon your pisse: reuenge it,
I dedicate my selfe to your sweet pleasure,
More Noble then that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still cloffe, as sure,

Imo. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. Let me my seruice tender on your lippes.
Imo. Away, I do condemne mine eares, that haue
So long attended thee. If thou wert Honourable
Thou wouldst haue told this tale for Vertue, nor
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:

Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as farre
From thy report, as thou from Honor: and
Solicites heere a Lady, that disdaines
Thee, and the Diuelt alike. What hoa, Pisanio?
The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy Assault: if he shall thinke it fit,
A sawcy Stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a Romish Stew, and to expound
His beastly minde to vs; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter, who
He not respects at all. What hoa, Pisanio?

Iach. O happy Leonatus I may say,
The credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserues thy trust, and thy most perfect goodnesse
Her assur'd credit. Blessed be you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that euer
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress, onely
For the most worthiest fit. Giue me your pardon,
I haue spoke this to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,

That which he is, new o're: And he is one
The truest manner'd: such a holy Witch,
That he enchants Societies into him:
Halfe all men hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a defended God;
He hath a kinde of Honor sets him off,
More then a mortall seeming. Be not angry
(Most mighty Princeesse) that I haue aduentur'd
To try your taking of a false report, which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great iudgement,
In the election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know, cannot erre. The loue I beare him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you
(Vnlike all others) chaffelesse. Pray your pardon.

Imo. All's well Sir:

Take my powre i'th Court for yours.
Iach. My humble thanks: I had almost forgot
T'intreat your Grace, but in a small request,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns:
Your Lord, my selfe, and other Noble Friends
Are partners in the businesse.

Imo. Pray what's it?

Iach. Some dozen Romanes of vs, and your Lord
(The best Feather of our wing) haue mingled summes
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I (the Factor for the rest) haue done
In France: 'tis Plate of rare deuice, and Jewels
Of rich, and exquisite forme, their valewes great,
And I am something curious, being strange
To haue them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in protection.

Imo. Willingly:
And pawne mine Honor for their safety, since
My Lord hath interest in them, I will keepe them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunke
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, onely for this night:
I must aboard to morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes I beseech: or I shall short my word
By lengthning my returne. From Gallia
I crost the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your paines:
But not away to morrow.

Iach. O I must Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, doe't to night;
I haue out-stood my time, which is materiall
To th' tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write:
Send your Trunke to me, it shall safe be kept,
And truly ycel'd you: you're very welcome. Exit.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Cloten, and the two Lords.

Clot. Was there euer man had such lucke? when I kiss
the lacke vpon an vp-cast, to be hit away? I had a hun-
dred pound on't: and then a whorion latke an Apes
must